THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! AKENSIDE.

MR. EASY,

IN treating upon a subject so intricate as a successful direction to *Taste*, I am well aware of undertaking an herculean task: My only consolation is, that if I fail, it may be possible to elicit a few thoughts, that may furnish materials for the reflection of a more master hand. However facile in idea, it certainly will not be found so in execution; and however easy in appearance, its texture is interwoven and pregnant with difficulty. Properly directed, it furnishes a pure and unfailing source of delight to the human mind, and no moment can ever prove insipid, no period of existence ever be vapid. It is the best solace of retirement; and whilst it enhances the pleasures of independence, is equally calculated to sooth the evils of a less fortunate allotment of the gifts of fortune. There is no errour in the pursuits of rational beings more prominent than the tasteless, trifling distribution of time: it is a truth that flashes conviction upon the feelings of every individual, but how few possess resolution competent to the correction of the evil? We envy the fascinations which spring from, and are concomitant with, intellectual attainments, the foundation and source of the virtue I am recommending; but whilst we admire, we exhaust our time in irresolute resolves, and ultimately wonder at our frigid indifference. The everlasting pursuit of pleasure engrosses our thoughts, and like the ignis-fatuus, the nearer we approach it the farther it leads us astray. I cannot avoid thinking much of the mischief thus prevalent, may be traced to the absurd system of novel reading, and the false taste thus engendered; for unless a book or an essay introduces the lives of a Henry or an Emma, blended, intermixed, and interlarded with hair breadth 'scapes, unforeseen disappointments, or an unexpectedly sad catastophre, few have courage to take it up, or perseverance to analyse its merits. It is the intention of this essay to correct the germs of *false taste*, and to furnish at once the definition and direction of *true taste*. It has been well remarked by an ingenious writer, that "refined taste depends upon sensi-"bility for its acuteness, and upon judgment for its cor-"rectness. Sensibility may be compared to the quickness "of the eye, which extends its rapid glance to the largest "objects, and yet can discern the most minute. It renders "the mind alive to all the impressions made by external "objects, as it is powerfully affected by every surrounding "scene. This amiable quality is the source of the bene-"volent affections, and animates the soul with pity, love, "friendship, and benevolence." How interesting is a mind thus constructed, and what a contrast does it not present to that dull, inanimate, monotonous mass of insensibility, which is too frequently encountered. A mind thus fraught with cultivation and improvement, can never be insipid or uninteresting. If conversation flag, as it necessarily must occasionally with the best informed, the countenance will still be illumined, the eye will ever sparkle. The irradiated mind may relax from active exertion, but will yet be found intuitively and pleasingly employed. That vacuity of intellect which is too prominently conspicuous in modern days, affords an ample field for reflection to the moralist on the waste of time: and it too frequently occurs that the solace of the bottle is required to supply the deficiency of the head. For a correct direction of taste, it may not be unavailing, if we contemplate the subject as extending to an admiration and fondness for the sister arts, *musick*, *painting*, and *poetry*, and the cultivation of their various beauties. I am far from contending that these

qualifications are indispensably necessary to all, well knowing that leisure and opportunity are afforded to few for their acquisition; but where circumstances and leisure justify their acquirement, who, that had any conception of their value, could neglect the opportunity.

The review must necessarily be cursory, as the subject would furnish ample matter for a book.

For a description of the powers of musick, recourse can best be had to the sister art, to which sound is so frequently indebted for the most pleasing alliance of sense; and perhaps it will not be found easy to produce a short description of its application to the various situations of life, and different feelings of the heart, more beautiful and just, than the following verses.

"Queen of ev'ry moving measure,
"Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
"Musick! why thy pow'rs employ
"Only for the sons of joy?
"Only for the smiling guests
"At natal or at nuptial feasts?
"Rather thy lenient numbers pour
"On those whom secret griefs devour;
"Bid be still the throbbing hearts
"Of those whom death or absence parts;
"And with some softly-whisper'd air
"Smooth the brow of dumb despair."

Supposing that after reading these beautiful lines any one were to remark their being very pretty, should we not be reminded of the man who, seeing the sea for the first time, observed, La! it is very pretty.

Of painting—it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the perfection to which it has been carried. To appreciate its powers it would be necessary to visit Europe, and see the productions of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Rubens. Portrait painting, however, has its intrinsick excellence; and the power that can preserve the countenance of a once affectionate wife, a tender husband, a fond child, or an intimate friend, comes under the influence of the principle I am recommending.

Of poetry—insensibility must attach to all not tremblingly alive to its charms. Should any be so devoid of taste as to be insensible to, and feel no relish for, the beauties of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Shenstone, Cowper, and many others; cold and inanimate are their souls. Let me to supply my imperfect description, call in the aid of the former.

"The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling,
"Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
"And as imagination bodies forth
"The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
"Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
"A local habitation, and a name."

Of the nature and effects of this art, the sweet and original strains of the *Minstrel* may give no imperfect idea.

"But hail! ye mighty master of the lay,
"Nature's true sons, the friend of man and truth!
"Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
"Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth:
"O let your spirit still my bosom soothe;
"Inspire my dreams, and my wild wand'ring guide;
"Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
"For well I know, wherever ye reside,
"There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide."

The contemplation of the works of nature form abundant and inexhaustable sources of gratification. The construction of a flower, the progress of vegetation, the innumerable tribe of insects, the plumage of the birds, and last, not least, the spangled heavens, supply such a field for admiration, instruction, and amusement, that a heart must be adamantine, if insensible to the joys of contemplation and reflection. It may be contended, that the situation of few, as human nature is constituted, would justify the pursuits it has been the object of this essay to recommend. The objection, though specious, is in a great degree fallacious, and the observation of every man must prove it so. Our purest pleasures must emanate from taste; and we all know that, though the opportunities of cultivation are not equally bestowed, yet the seeds of it are sown in the breast of the peasant as well as the prince.

Let us analyse the qualifications of those supposed to belong to the inferiour classes of society. An ample field is left for the direction and enjoyment of the pleasures of taste. Feeling springs from it; and where can parental affection or the maternal duties be more forcibly displayed? In the affectionate, I had almost said devotional, attachment to their offspring, and which every Sunday will prove to the most inattentive observer: instances are shewn that the powers of affection and love are equally distributed. In the neatness of apparel, the smile of a mother, the solicitude of a husband, taste, though in a humble garb, is apparent: and as an individual, I feel a pride in observing it. This principle is equally distributed, and equally within the reach of all. In the pleasures of life, in dress, in the intercourse of society, it is equally observable, equally necessary, equally commendable. Suffice it to say, without the pleasures of taste, life is a vacuum; with it, valuable and desirable. G.

Go thou, and do likewise.

Men of speculation have long disputed the question, whether we derive most happiness from expectation or en-

joyment? Common sense, the terrour of *philosophists*, has wisely answered the question, by asserting, *from both*. All allow that there is in the mind a constant tendency to look forward, to anticipate, to expect: and as musical sounds uttered at a distance, are modulated and sweetened by the intervening air, so approaching objects of pleasure are heightened by the medium of expectation.

We were lately in the luxurious season of autumn, and enjoyed largely of its fruits and profits; but even then, we contemplated the wintry scene that we now enjoy: we promised ourselves rosy health, retirement from business, blazing fire-sides, convivial evenings, and a thousand sports connected with the new year. We have now possessed them, and whilst I thus remind those who are capable of enjoying themselves of their great pivileges, let me ask, how they can see that *a brother hath need?* Shall we not add to these pleasures of sense the supreme moral delight of relieving those, whose industry and foresight have been outstripped by some of the many misfortunes that await mortals.

Talking with a friend of mine, a few days past, on the great obligations we are under, to a gracious providence; of the insoluble tie that binds us to our fellow men; and of the disparity between those who are well provided for, and those who have neither expectation nor enjoyment in this world; it brought to my mind a recent transaction which I shall take the liberty to relate.

EUSEBIUS was one of those who had gained a handsome income, from his industry and good fortune; he looked forward to the new year with delight, to entertain his cotemporaries with a delicious repast: When the time arrived, he strewed his table with all the delicacies of the season, and cordially pressed his friends to partake of his liberality. His viands were not neglected, nor his taste unpraised. Supper being ended, he was filling up, as he thought, the measure of his duty, by praising his wife for her display and order, and having finished his encomiums, Go thou, said he to Eusebia, and examine our sleeping babes; and return, that we may give thanks to a gracious provider for his liberality to us. Eusebia soon returned from the chamber in a flood of tears—We have mispent an evening, said she; I have just learned from my nurse, sufferings that will embitter our repast.

ARIANA, the widow of MERCATUS, is in great distress. She has been left with seven small female children, delicate and even sickly: she has endeavoured by various honest means to procure a livelihood, but all in vain. Her children have no other clothing than what are now upon them, which are very thin, and scarcely entire. They have long been suffering these evils, which have at length accumulated so fast, and press so heavily, that she has at last, though reluctantly, unfolded her condition to me. Poor ARIANA can afford but one fire-side, round which her dear little children croud, and from the scantiness of fuel, are rather mocked with the promise of warmth, than comforted by the reality: they have too often been under the necessity of retiring supperless to the cold thin-clad bed, where sleep alone has come to their relief. O my dear husband! think of this, whilst we are actually incommoded at this moment with the relicks of our entertainment, and the heat of our room.

Here tears eloquently ended the tale, and disclosed the feelings of Eusebia. After a deep pause, Eusebius replied, Make thou, my dear, a calculation of the expenses of this evening, above that of a plain entertainment; and with the amount, purchase as soon as possible, all things needful, and furnish our needy sister and her children: 'tis a duty we owe to God, as well as our fellow creatures. Relate her case in every company where you think it will have a good effect; but shun those miserable wretches, who will instantly begin to excuse themselves by blaming all who have not succeeded in the world as well as themselves; I say, shun them, for they will soon transfer the insult to you. In future, at every time that we design an entertainment, take the same steps, for I have no doubt there still remain many wanting your aid: and your example may induce others to be œconomical, that they may be enabled to be charitable. A. Y.

THE TRIFLER—No. VI.

Mr. Easy,

[Many Triflers there are—and very different are their characters.—Some trifle away their time—some deal in trifles; while other some (excuse my vanity) lash their brethren into action.

In the capacity of a Trifler I often gain the applause of young ladies—the entire confidence of some of whom I now possess. But I would not insinuate that they are pleased with the empty drolleries of a mere trifler; I know them better. I am well aware that a sensible woman must laugh in her sleeve at the Fribbles and Shallows, who, at the expense of their own veracity and understanding, labour hard to keep a girl at tittering. High on my list of female acquaintances I long have held the intelligent and amiable LAVINIA, whose taste for epistolary correspondence has produced great mental improvement. Calling in last evenig, I found her reading the following (from a gentleman at Philadelphia); she handed it to me for pe-

rusal, and finished her reply while I transcribed this. You may publish it (if deserving a place in the Companion) on these conditions: Leave out the names, or any thing that might lead to a discovery—and tell no one how you came by it.

" *A soul without reflection, like a pile*
" *Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.*" YOUNG.

Much esteemed,

....Your favour of the 5th inst. I opened with pleasing expectations; but on reading the first sentence, there ran a chill through my veins, which I then thought discovered, to my great vexation, that I had mistook the character of my correspondent. It was further a cause of vexation, inasmuch as I thought I was capable of forming a tolerable opinion of an acquaintance's turn of mind—and having had almost every opportunity for proper speculation on the subject, had long since drawn a conclusion which I found (as I *then* supposed) shaken to the centre on reading the first sentence, above alluded to. You thus begin: "*My friend, I am afraid you will be-*" *gin to tire of this eternal letter-writing of mine,*" &c. Here I stopped short, laid down the letter, and commenced a study. The reflection of the learned Dr. Young, which I have chosen for a motto to this paper, immediately presented itself with great force: For, in this respect at least, I profess to be one among his disciples; convinced that "*a soul without reflection*" must eventually become vicious. Which I would suppose might be proved in this way: The human mind is ever active—always employed on something or other; and it is liable, (nay certain), to be warped in some measure to a similarity of quality with the matter on which it acts—the nature of the subjects which occupy or cause its speculation.—Thus, if a man make philosophy, history, legislation, or pleasure, his constant study; and he has the proper books or means, and any tolerable capacity, he will ultimately become a philosopher, historian, statesman, or man of pleasure: If he be fond of reading, and reads only good and useful authors, he will be a good citizen; but if immoral and useless books, after a little practice he will be the reverse: If a man is attached to literary pursuits, has proper opportunities, and uses them, he must naturally rise superiour to sin or meanness: for he has that within him which makes him ashamed of whatever is wrong, not for fear of the bad opinion of his acquaintances and fellow-men, but for the sake of his own peace of mind—for, I insist upon it, there is no external applause equal to an approving conscience: On the other hand, if a man despise books; and is eternally fooling away his time with trifles and nonsense; he must of necessity want a change at times; his capacity being adapted only to sensual gratification, this change will, of course, be from trifles to vice; having no just sense of his own consequence, or of the dignity of the human character, he is not afraid when out of others' view, to commit such acts as the enlightened and well disposed man would shudder at: he is not ashamed of dissipation, or afraid of disease; because the former he glories in as his highest pleasure, the latter his ignorance, and "*want of reflection*," prevent his seeing till too late—nay, after painful experience proves, to his "*heart's content*," (as some express it) that such is the result; yet he is no sooner out of the difficulty or pain, than his former life is again renewed; the fact being this, he never did reflect, consequently never thinks of *cause and effect*, or that his evil practices will operate as a *cause*, whose certain *effect* is pain. Thus the want of *reflection* keeps a man in a state of ignorance; in which state he cannot cultivate or keep in good repair his better part:—this it is that renders him like a house without an inhabitant;—his soul goes to destruction, as sure as a house to ruin, for want of proper attention.

....It will not be understood that I am contending against *pleasure*. I am only opposed to pleasure in its excess—or, when it is dishonest, immoral, or unlawful. I am fond of good eating and drinking; yet I would not surfeit myself because there were placed before me a whole ox, and a pipe of wine. Nor am I obliged to take any thing belonging to another, merely because I could wish it were mine.....

From the motto I have taken, and the manner in which I have here handled the forepart of yours, you may guess what would have been the consequence, had not the whole tenour of your epistle shewn that you are not averse to *reflection*;—that you had not, as I feared that sentence indicated, determined to drop a correspondence, your part of which affords me so much pleasure.

You will, I am sure, pardon these remarks on the two first lines of that very acceptable epistle. Indeed, from a similarity of sentiment, I am persuaded you would have treated it, (had it been mine,) much in the same way; for I well know you would not court an intimate acquaintance with a man whose soul was void of *reflection*—whose knowledge only embraced the slander of the day, and whose literary pursuits extended no farther than the pages of a "JEST BOOK."....

Yours, &c. ——]

T

As quarelling and fighting are so much in fashion here, it cannot but be acceptable to our heroes, to read the following statement from the original publication at *Edinburgh*, in 1768.

To the Publisher.

SIR,

Having seen some pretty lively remarks in your's, and other news-papers, on the present fashionable way of dressing ladies' heads, I take the liberty to send you some advertisements which appeared in the Dublin Universal Advertiser about twelve years ago. Signior Florentini and Mr. St. Laurent were the two rival Frizeurs, and had practised some years with pretty equal success and reputation. The Frenchman, however, by his talent at agreeable satire, with which he entertained every lady under his hands, at the expense of her absent acquaintance, during the time of his operation, had manifestly gained a great ascendant over the Italian. This induced Florentini to make a bold effort to raise his own reputation, and ruin his rival, whose great character he envied, and whom he wished to be undone.

Advertisement 1.

"Signior Florentini, having taken into consideration the many inconveniencies which attend the method of hair-dressing, formerly used by himself, and still practised by Mr. St. Laurent, humbly proposes to the ladies of quality in this metropolis his new method of *stuccowing* the head in the most fashionable taste, to last, with very little repair, during the whole session of parliament. Price only five guineas. FLORENTINI.

"N. B. He takes but one hour to build up the head, and two for baking it."

Answer by St. Laurent.

"Wereas dere have appear vone scandaleuz advertisement of Signior Florentini, much reflecting on Mr. St. Laurent's capacite in de art of dressing; he defy said Signior Florentini to show de inconvenince dat do attend his method, odervise he shall consider said Florentini as a *Boute-seu* and calumniateur. ST. LAURENT."

Florentini, who was not so good at English as the other, replied by his interpreter:

"Whereas Mr. St. Laurent has challenged Signior Florentini to produce an instance where his (St. Laurent's) method of hair-dressing is inconvenient to the ladies; he begs to observe that three rows of iron pins, thrust into the skull, will not fail to cause a constant itching, a sensation that much distorts the features of the face, and disables it so, that a lady by degrees may lose the use of her face; besides the immense quantity of pomatum and powder, laid on for a genteel dressing, will after a week or two breed *mites*, a circumstance very disagreeable to gentlemen who don't love cheese, and also does afford a fœted smell not to be endured: from which, and other objections too tedious to mention, Signior Florentini apprehends his new method is entirely free, and will admit of no reasonable exception whatever. FLORENTINI."

St. Laurent *replies:*

"Hah! hah! hah! Dere is no objeshon den to Signior Florentini's vay of frising de hair of fine ladie? I shall tell him von, two, tree: in de forst place, he no consider that his *stuccow* vill be crack, and be break by de frequent jolts to vich all ladies are so sobject, and dat two hour baking vill spoil de complekshon, and hort de eyes. And os to his scandaleuse aspershon, dat my method breed a de *mite*, so odious to gentleman who don't love de cheese, I say 'tis false and malitieuse; and to make good vat I say, I do envite all gentlemen of qualitie to examine de head of de countess of....., (vich I had de honour to dress four week ago) next Monday at twelve o'clock, through Monsieur Closent's great mikroscope, and see if der be any *mite* dere, or odder ting like de *mite* vatever.

"N. B. Any gentleman may smell her ladyship's hede fen he please."

The controversy ended in a duel; but no hurt, as the combatants behaved like Flash and Fribble; but, whatever was the cause, it is certain the monstrous fashion soon ceased, and in a few months the ladies' heads recovered their natural proportion, and became a piece of themselves. Yours, &c.

FROM BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

Exercise, if opportunely used, contributes greatly to the preservation of health; but if it be unseasonable, violent, or excessive, it is extremely prejudicial. "Over "exercise and weariness," says Fernelius, "consumes "the spirits, refrigerates the body, stirs up the humours, "and enrages such of them as nature would otherwise "have concocted and expelled; thereby causing them di-"versely to affect and trouble both the body and the "mind." So also, if exercise be unseasonably used, as upon a full stomach, or where the body is full of crudities, it is equally detrimental; for it corrupts the food, carries the juices, yet raw and undigested, into the veins, and there putrifies, and confounds the animal spirits. Crato particularly protests against all such exercise after eating, as being the greatest enemy to concoction; and therefore it is not without good reason that Salvianus, Jacchinus, Mercurialis, Arcubanus, and many other ce-

lebrated physicians, set down immoderate and unseasonable exercise as a most forcible cause of melancholy.

Idleness, which is the opposite extreme to immoderate exercise, is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active; and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy. As immoderate exercise offends on the one side, so doth an idle life on the other. Idleness, as Rasis and Montaltus affim, begets melancholy more than any other disposition: and Plutarch says, that it is not only the sole cause of the sickness of the soul, but that nothing begets it sooner, encreases it more, or continues it so long. Melancholy is certainly a familiar disease to all idle persons; an inseparable companion to such as live indolent and luxurious lives. Any pleasant company, discourse, business, sport, recreation, or amusement, suspend "the pains and pe-"nalties of idleness:" but the moment these engagements cease, the mind is again afflicted with the torments of this disease. The lazy, lolling race of men are always miserable and uneasy. Seneca well says *Malo mihi male quam molliter esse:* I had rather be sick than idle. This disposition is either of body or of mind. Idleness of body is the improper intermission of necessary exercise, which causes crudities, obstructions, excrementitious humours, quenches the natural heat, dulls the spirits, and renders the mind unfit for employment. As ground that is untilled runs to weeds, so indolence produces nothing but gross humours*. A horse unexercised, and a hawk unflown, contract diseases from which, if left at their natural liberty, they would be entirely free. An idle dog will be mangy; and how can an idle person expect to escape? But mental idleness is infinitely more prejudicial than idleness of body: wit without employment is a disease, *Ærugo animi, rubigo ingenii:* the rust of the soul, a plague, a very hell itself: *maximum animi nocumentum.* "As in a standing pool," says Seneca, "worms and fil-"thy creapers increase, so do evil and corrupt thoughts "in the mind of an idle person." The whole soul is contaminated by it. As in a commonwealth that has no enemy to contend with, civil wars generally ensue, and the members of it rage against each other, so is this body natural, when it is idle, macerated and vexed with cares, griefs, false fears, discontents, suspicions, and restless anxiety, for want of proper employment. Vulture like, it preys upon the bowels of its victims, and allows them no respite from their sufferings.

> For he's the Tityus here, that lies opprest
> With idleness, or whom fierce cares molest:
> These are the eagles that still tear his breast.

Idle persons, whatever be their age, sex, or condition, however rich, well allied, or fortunate, can never be well either in body or mind. Wearied, vexed, loathing, weeping, sighing, grieving, and suspecting, they are continually offended with the world and its concerns, and disgusted with every object in it. Their lives are painful to themselves, and burthensome to others; for their bodies are doomed to endure the miseries of ill health, and their minds to be tortured by every foolish fancy. This is the true cause why the rich and great generally labour under this disease; for idleness is an appendix to nobility, who, counting business a disgrace, sanction every whim in search of and spend all their time, in dissipated pleasures, idle sports and useless recreations: and

> Their conduct, like a sick man's dreams,
> Is form'd of vanity and whims.

Pharaoh reasoned philosophically on the subject of this disease: for when the children of Israel, for want of sufficient employment, requested, with murmuring and discontent, permission to offer up their sacrifices in the desart, he commanded the task-masters to double the portion of their daily duty; conceiving that as the cause of their discontent proceeded from their want of employment, their murmurings might be appeased by additional labour. "Ye shall no more," said the king, "give the people "straw to make bricks; let them gather it for themselves: "but the tale of the bricks which they did make hereto-"fore, shall not in aught be diminished; for they are "idle, and therefore it is they cry, Let us go and sacri-"fice to our God." *Otiosus animus nescit quid volet:* An idle person knows not when he is well, what he would have, or whither he would go; and being tired with every thing, displeased with every thing, and every way weary of his existence, he falls by degrees into the deepest melancholy.

* Neglectis urenda silex innascitur agris. Hor. Lib. i. Sat. 3.

MEDICAL CONSULTATION—AN EXTRACT.

> *"For man's relief the healing art was given;*
> *"A wise physician is the boon of heaven."* POPE.

The following humourous scene, between a learned, a cheap, a safe, a musical doctor, and a literary quack, took place in a town of the United States.

A drunken jockey having fallen from his horse at a publick review, was taken up senseless, and extended up-

on the long table of a tavern. He soon recovered his breath, and groaned most piteously. As his head struck the ground first, it was apprehended by some, unacquainted with its solidity, that he had fractured his skull. The faculty hastened, from all quarters, to his assistance. The learned scrupulous physician, after requesting that the doors and windows might be shut, approached the patient; and, with a stately air, declined giving his opinion, as he had unfortunately left at home his *Pringle on Contusions*.

The cheap doctor immediately pronounced the wound a compound fracture; prescribed half a dose of crude opium, and called for the trepanning instruments. The safe doctor proposed brown paper, dipped in rum, and cobwebs to staunch the blood. The popular physician, or musical doctor, told a jovial story, and then suddenly relaxing his features, observed, that he viewed the groaning wretch as a monument of justice: that he who spent his days in tormenting horses, should now, by the agency of the same animal, be brought to death's door, an event which he thought ought to be sent home upon our minds by prayer. The literary quack pressing through the crowd, begged that he might state the case to the company; and with an audible voice thus began:—The learned doctor, *Nominativo-hoc-Caput*, in his Treatise upon Brains, observes, that the seat of the soul may be known from the affections of the man. The residence of a wise man's soul is in his ears; a glutton's in his palate; a gallant's in his lips; an old maid's in her tongue; a dancer's in his toes; a drunkard's in his throat:—By the way, landlord, give us a button of sling. When we learned wish to know if a wound endangers life, we consequently enquire into the affections of the patient, and see if the wound injures the seat of the soul: if that escapes, however deep and ghastly the wound, we pronounce life in no danger. A horse-jockey's soul, gentlemen—I wish your healths—is in his heel, under the left spur. When I was pursuing my studies in the hospital, in England, I once saw seventeen horse-jockeys, some of whom were noblemen, killed by the fall of a scaffold, in Newmarket, and all wounded in the heel. Twenty others, with their arms, backs, and necks broken, survived. I saw one noble jockey, with his *nominativo caret*, which is Greek for a nobleman's head, split entirely open. His brains run down his face like the white of a broken egg; but as his heel was unhurt, he survived, and his judgment in horses is said not to be in the least impaired. Come, pull off the patient's boot, while I drink his better health. Charmed with the harangue, some of the spectators were about following his directions, when the other doctors interfered. They had heard him with disdainful impatience; and now each raised his voice to support his particular opinion, backed by his adherents. Bring the brown paper—compound fracture—cobwebs, I say—hand the trepanning instruments—give us some tod, and pull off the boot, echoed from all quarters. The landlord forbade quarrelling in his house. The whole company rushed out to form a ring on the green for the medical professors, where they had a consultation of fisty cuffs. The practitioner in sheep, horses, and cattle, poured a dose of —— and molasses down the patient's throat, who soon so happily recovered as to pursue his vocation, swap horses three times, play twenty rubbers of all-fours, and get dead drunk again before sun-set.

The late Dr. Leland, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, chanced one day, at a commencement in that University, to put a few questions to a young man of very moderate capacity. The Doctor asked him his name—"*Scarlet*, Sir," answered the trembling candidate.—"It may be so," said the Doctor, "and yet you are not *deep read*."

When the late Dr. Lucas, the John Wilkes of his day in Ireland, was returned to serve in Parliament as a representative for the city of Dublin, the facetious Counsellor Costello happened to meet with Mrs. H. a lady of high spirit, whose family had supported the interest of the unsuccessful candidate. "Well, Counsellor," said the lady, "your *friend* Lucas has gained the election!"—"Yes, Madam."—"No wonder, Sir; *all* the blackguards voted for him."—"*No*, Madam; your *two sons* did not." The lady flew off in a violent rage.

When Counsellor Costello was told that Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Sheridan, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary, and father of Richard Binsley Sheridan, were pensioned, he observed, that it was a curious age, when one man received three hundred a-year for *inventing hard words*, and another two hundred a-year for teaching us *how to pronounce them*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The productions of *Clara's* muse shall never be delayed longer than is absolutely necessary.

Caroline's second communication on Calumny is received, but came too late to be inserted in this number.

What is intended for immediate publication must be put in the *Box* on or before the Tuesday preceding.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following interesting verses, though not recommended by any glaring novelty, or adorned by fancy's gaudy flowers; yet contain what is in reality far more estimable; the simple, but strong expression of virtuous affection.

ON THE ABSENCE OF A BELOVED HUSBAND.

The anguish'd hour of parting now is o'er,
And thy lov'd form has faded from my view,
My aching eyes are stretch'd to catch once more,
One glance, to lengthen out this sad adieu.

My soul still lingers on that last embrace,
I feel thy throbbing bosom press'd to mine;
Thy faultering tongue entreats me to erase
The fears my frighten'd fancy doth combine,

How short, how transient, flits this life away!
How many sorrows cloud th' uncertain scene!
Then why in anxious torment waste each day,
And mark with sighs the hours that intervene!

When sweet affection glows within my breast,
And hope's soft pinions hover o'er my heart,
A sudden pang expels this cherish'd guest,
My throbbing bosom asks, "Why did we part?"

But hush, my soul! nor vainly now repine,
The fiat's past, his absence cease to mourn;
Remember well his parting words divine,
"Think on the blessed hour of my return."

Yes, thou ador'd, thou centre of my soul!
Extatick joy runs through Maria's heart;
The sweet idea reigns without controul,
Hope whispers we shall meet, no more to part.

And when bright Sol's last streak of glory fades,
When Silence wooes creation to repose,
I fondly kiss and press my sleeping babes,
Then sighing seek the soother of all woes.

Soon as my form the lonely couch doth press,
My active fancy flies on rapid wing,
First to my God a fervent prayer address,
My heart's pure homage to his throne I bring.

Protect, Great Ruler! then, a life so dear,
Oh! shield the breast where Virtue loves to dwell;
Grant the lov'd wand'rer thy peculiar care;
His lisping infants shall thy goodness tell. MARIA.

SONG.

Cease those soft murmurs, gentle rill,
Nor strive to sooth my troubled breast;
And thou, hoarse water-fall, be still,
Nor strive to lull my cares to rest.

Ye gales that waft the sweets of spring,
Soft whispering through the trembling grove;
No more your dulcet treasures bring,
Until ye safe restore my love.

No more your thrilling notes prolong,
Ye tuneful warblers of the grove;
Untasted is the sweetest song,
When thou art far away, my love!

Why, William, didst thou ever stray
O'er yonder wide and stormy main?
O when will come the happy day
That gives thee to these arms again? N. S.

In life's fair morn, how swiftly run
The hours of mirth and glee;
Ah! then I thought the glorious sun,
Shone bright alone for me.

And next I wake to love's alarms,
And childhood's toys resign;
Bask in the sun of Anna's charms,
And fondly think them mine.

But now, the glorious sun doth prove
To shine for more than one;
And Anna's sighs, her looks, her love,
Are emblems of the sun. THEODORE.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS ——

When forc'd from love and thee afar,
If e'er my heart should roam;
Though fate our meeting long may bar,
Thou still shalt be the ruling star
To guide the wand'rer home.

When toss'd amid Atlantick storms,
The sigh that heaves my breast,
Each joy that for a moment charms,
Each rising hope fond fancy forms,
Shall fly to wish thee blest.

And may the sigh that rends my heart,
Steal oft to thee unknown;
May sympathy no grief impart,
Nor make the pitying tear to start,
But let *me* feel alone. CLEON.

SELECTED POETRY.

IMPROMTU

On a cold day in a bleak room, at the fire-side of a man who had made a large fortune in India, but was too niggardly to live comfortably on his large estate.

Here Canada's snows, and there Afric's warm coast,
On this side you freeze, and on that side you roast;
With domains as wide as all Russia to rule in,
Your back is in Lapland, your front in Bencoolen.

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